

NOW Or NEVER:

The Princely CALENDAR.

BEING

A Bloudy Almanack,

FOR

The Time present, and to come.

Containing several Monethly Predictions
and Observations.

Wherein is Calculated and set forth

1. The great *Changes, Revolutions, and*
Turn of Times; And the Persons of Honour ascending the Princely Thrones. With
the Time, *Manners Page, and Transits*, when the Crown will be transferred to the Crown,
Scepter, and Royal Diadem.
2. The great *Actions, Debates, Resolves,*
and *Consultations*, of the Kings of Swedeland, France, Spain, Denmark, Poland, the
Princes of Germany, and the Confederate Allies, Parliaments, and States of *Christen-*
dom.
3. The Design of the French and Spanish
Armies in Flanders; And the great and terrible *Battles, Sea-fights, Conflicts, and*
Engagements, between the Swedes, Poles, Danes, and Germans; the event and suc-
cess thereof; the displaying of the English Banners beyond the Seas; and the *Victo-*
rious Achievements that will redound to the British Spirits.
4. The Persons that will be arraigned,
condemned, and beheaded. The time when honest men shall enjoy their own. And
the bracing of Helmers, and facing of Drums, against the leishanded Lords, and
new-dub'd Knights of these Times. The taking off the Taxes; And the encrease
of Trade, and Money; *Lord, where is it?*

London, Printed for N. Haskins, M, D C. L. IX.

Price 1/6

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NOW or NEVER:
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The Bloody Almanack, For the Year
of our Lord, 1660. Fore-telling the strange *Catastrophes, Changes,*
and *Revolutions*, that will befall most *Princes, States,* and
Commonwealths throughout *Europe*; And the *Superla-*
tive Actions, designed by the *Heavens*, touching
the *Crowns, Scepters, and Royal Diadems.*

Monthly Predictions, for January 31. 1660.

The Year begins With Wonders, thundring Jove
Commands his Cyclopes even from above;
And Seas of Sorrows great Men begin to fear,
Some for old reckonings, are like to pay full dear:
He doth but scourge himself, his sword that draws
Without a Purse, a Council, and a Cause:
Pardon if my abruptions cause Disease,
He merits none offend that seeks to please.

This Month begins with a number of Fears, intoxicating the brains
of the People as well as Ignoble, touching some *Noturnal Conspi-*
racies, hatching and contriving by a company of mal-contented, for,
and in reference to the bringing in of that Princely Person Selrach Drauts, a
man, who in the thoughts of many, is bound to (and before 1662. is ended,
will) endeavour his own Philanty, and that gradually by his *Re-citibati-*
on, notwithstanding all his Contradecencies; and that partly by the resuscita-
tion, energy, and bove of many. But 'tis good to be merry and wise. *Mr. Ju-*
stice is busy: have a care therefore lest thou burn and prick thy foot.

Reader, my Muse invites Thee to submit
To Providence, thou canst not alter it.

February 29. 1660. Monthly Predictions.

Jove squareth Mars, gives lofty Wind, and then
Such Actions follow 'mongst us mortal men,
Religion's grown a Cloak for all Deceit,
And shrowds Designs that be of greatest weight:
Rebellions, Slaughters, Thefts, and Robberies,
Are all committed under Parities.

This Month affords great Store of Consultation,; the Spaniard is
high, as well as the Butter-box: Have a care good Hogen! The Vene-
tian

rian is afflicted, and so are we; the Silver Ore is wanting; Lord, where is it? Some great person is like to receive a summons to appear in another world: London, let the Grandees take a superstitious Council, lest thou present with Had I wist. There's much scuffling with the Coward-man and the Sword-man; but Mars is in Gemini, and near Bellatrix, the Astrologer knows what I mean; and let me tell you Mars will be rampant, and so will the King of Swerthland. London, Look well to thy self for here is much quarrelling: many are the Disorders that now afflict the both in Body and Mind, if not carefully avoided; a great Consumption in the Purse; More's the pity we have had enough of that. The Turke is afflicted with general Tumults: the Bohemians are at odds with themselves, and so are we: But pray Citizens have a care of your Fire.

March 31. Monthly Prediction.

The World's distracted, Councils, Consultations,
Do fill the Heads of the European Nations;
Fraud and Deceit grows frequent, O cruel Fate!
Ne're to take counsel now is too late.

Let Gentry Commoners, and Statesmen all grow wise,
Walk ye by judgment, trust not to your eyes.

Apost Artists hold that the world was created when the Sun entered the first point of Aries: and if it began then, as 'tis probable it did, then our Astrological year must begin at the same time; and if so, I am certain that the Commoners will not like this year's beginning; for there is a Salamander in most of their Fiddles and they think 'tis a Camelion: Alas poor hearts, I am sorry for their Ignorance, as well as Confidence. But 'tis not a Camelion's Fancy, though fetch'd from Utopia, that will give any satisfaction to their weak Ambitions.

Women are grown Religious in this Season,

I like when Weakness is possess'd with Reason;

For Light and Darkness made a compleat Day,

So Weakness (Strength) beguileth robbery.

But now I shall make a Delection in our Domestick Affairs, & shall speak a word or two of the Practices amongst the Geni of Guardian Angels of the North and Eastern Countries, who are in this month desirous of some Dexterity; for their trambles are convallescent or much increasing; & before the Rotation of this Solar Year, will be made sensible of those no small Conturbations which are like to happen to them. Much Controversie about Religion, by those who have more Wit than Honesty, the whole Bible being ty'd to their Warts, as a Cloak to cover all their Knaveries.

April, 30. Monthly Prediction.

Hermes, Jove, Mars, Saturn, all in Time conspire

How to promote themselves a step the higher;

But Hermes must fall, and Sol with him god-wor;

Yea, and old Saturn by some Hellish Plot.

Well done brave Commoners, I like when men are laborious in their Devotions, for the Devil is the Father of Idleness: If your Spirits are not now insatuated look to your selves, for the Sun will shine, but 'tis but for a time: he is eclipsed this month, though not visible to us; yet may it be seen near the Arctick Pole without a pair of Spectacles. Thea.

treacherous French, and insolent Spaniards, have aspiring thoughts, but not a foot of ground can they take from the English;

Brave Souls of Britain! be your Valours steel'd,

And let your Drums give note you keep the field.

Many are the Conspiracies of the Roman Princes; and as high their consultations: Hosts of evil Council; where is a Country free: but most of all let them beware of Mr. Self, and Mr. Get-all, persons who have gained scarce Fabricks out of 100 Corriages, and whose Estates have been advanced from nothing.

Here's pring and conning in things which are good,

My Lines may prove Oracles, when understood:

Saturn and *Sol*, in opposition are got,

Which *English* spells nothing, but a Deleterious Plot.

May 31. Monthly Predictions.

This Month peeps in with Wind, Rain, Hail, and Thunder,

Angels above look to Us which are under;

Your Government, as all the Wifemen hold

Our Actions here requires I dare be bold

To say; and to conclude the strife is great,

And will cut off some eminent man of State.

I Ere is some League or Friendship, nor expected, nor is it quickly concluded; for our Governors are at a stand what to do in it: however the result is good on our parts: Some new Laws are now made manifest, which will not a little conduce to the publique good. The Swede is Rampant, enjoying some handsome Victory towards the latter end of this Month: the Jesuits are very humble for their Lord and Master the Pope: yet his Holiness (God save us) is not well in Rome, Italy, or Germany, who is like so many left-handed Lords, and new dubbed Knights be witcht; for Quarrels, Insurrections and deleterious Fudges are as frequent in those places, as the French half-pike is in the City of London; which is too frequent, as many say (I dare not say honest) should run wirnles with a P— to them.

Saturn in square of *Venus*, pray behold!

French Beggars are dangerous; therefore be not bold

To toss your Halt-pike, that unmanly Weapon,

For fear your Nose fall off, and Face mis-shapen.

June 30 Days, Monthly Predictions.

Who follows now? *Mars* leads us up the Dances,

The *English*, *German*, *Swede*, *Pole*, *Dane*, and *France*.

The pleasing Dews produce the pleasant flowers,

Wherewith gay *Mora* decks this Globe of ours.

A Spirit of Dissimulation and Self-interest, is diffused through all Europe, and things in most parts thereof are inverted. The Commoners look very sickly beyond Sea, being afflicted with a Silver Lead-stone, which extracts three parts out of four, by an unnatural heat; but the Season may require us to be adjuvant for our own preservation: things of importance are now in agitation; yea, probably in action too, which are denoted by an Eclipse of the Sun, Novem. 4. 1659. 2. 41. min. at which time *Venus* ascends; the effects of which doth now begin, and denotes the alterations of the

the Laws, and Customs of the people, and should the death of ancient people, great Sea-fights, high-jacks, and dangerous rules this Eclipse: look to it Ireland, London, New-market, Winchester, Whitefract, &c. least some Insurrections or Conspiracies offend you, Selrach Traus is not a little concerned herein. Mars being predominant, stir up Wars, Seditions, Riots, Impersonments, Banishments, popular Tumults, besieging of Towns and Cities and divers honorable persons, arraigned, condemned, and beheaded.

For full three months, great actions on the stage;
And many simply 'gainst themselves engage.
Th' Malvolents contend, the Fortunes frown,
Fortunes insulting Waves throws many down.

July 31. Monthly Predictions.

As Mountains tops be Beacons with the Sun,
So Fame shall shew what English-men have done.
The fatal breath of our great Guns, and their
Down rumbling Fabricks, smothering in the Air.

This Month begins pleasantly, I wish it would so continue; but all things last but for a time (ask honest James Maylor) what man of quality is this that suffers, either in, or of London: the State of Austria is under many Clouds: the Pope begins to tumble, Farewel him: the Sun begins to shew his lustre upon the Protestants, and a brave world its like to be, when honest men enjoy their rights. Some good Intelligence of a Victory gain'd by the English over Jack Spaniard in the West-Indies. Some Mercurial person worthy of honour, is now initiated into the Court. The noble Swede suffers under some more then ordinary affliction, I wish it may not be the indisposition of his Majesties person; for he is very melancholy, and cause he hath: for his body is full of adust humours; the honest Alchymist labours like a Bee in the hive; but old Saturn deceives him of all his valatillity, & leaves the poor Alchymist like a Lord bewitcht. Great action this month beyond the Seas; where many dubious Engagements will be disputed: Look to't, ye British Spirits, the fiery flashes, and thundering bolles, promise renowned Achievements.

What the English worsted, they'l not daign to say,
We'll sell our selves at such a price, as may
Undo the World to buy us, and make Fare
While she tempers ours, fear her own estate.

August 31. Monthly Predictions.

The world's in a Maze, and full of Epidemical Diseases; but great is the purge to be at hand: have a care ye Quondam Cast-by Captain, and Castle-keeping Gentleman near Gaunt, the time is coming, ye will be glad of five Shillings, in stead of five hundred. The poor Commons Eclipse, will no longer be imposed on by the Plasters of the Rich, but an easie Remedy may be applyed to their heavy Burdens. Many turbulations abroad; I hope London will become wise; for it hath been otherwise many a year. Mars in jern's with Mercury, which denotes a great deal of treachery, & deceit amongst the Mortals; that's no news, the trade's as old as Pauls,

Some whom the morning saw full great and high
May low and little, fore the Evening lie.

Septemb.

September Monthly Predictions.

Sol joyns with Venus, Mercury with Mars,
The Sun with Jove, gives Sebath Drains a Fall :
Recidivation, or what else you please ;
But dare I not speak truths, I'm ill at ease.

This month the Pope hath got as much Holyness, as Wit, (and how much that is, judge you) the Swedes are victorious; the Polanders look blackly, and the Turk flutters under many Crosses. The Bavarians mutmur, & lose much of their honour. The Tatarsians waste Hungary, and the poor Venecians are horribly affrighted with a suspicion of some Invasion. I had would taken thieves at Tragedies; it scents ill, Smell that: Fresh Divisions arise amongst the Nobles and Gentry, as well as great Storms amongst eminent persons in Command; that's tart: If Mr. Honesty were not tongue-tied, he would accuse all, but Doctor Pride, and Mr. Confidence two of his detestable Enemies, both so much over-power him, that he is like one conspired; but when he rouses out of his sleep, then he will accretiously rebuke those his manifold Inragomits. Mr. Reason's great with Bigg, and would beep fain untongue-tye Mr. Honesty; but his Elder Brother Mr. Experience will not admit him; for, quoth he, None dare so boldly declare their Minds, as Fools and Quavels; otherwile, I would get you a Release from Dame Nature (and in due time shall) but in the mean time, let me advise you to walk hand in hand with your younger Brother Mr. Patience.

October 31 days. Monthly Predictions.

Here's Rainy, Cold, yea and tempestuous Weather,
'Cause Mars and Saturn now are joyned together :
Converse with Martialists; you'll tell me then
No Spirits can compare with English-men.
Sol and old Saturn joyn'd together are,
Lyes and Deceits from men removed are :
'Tis Haly's Language; therefore if He lye,
Lay'th fault on him, and say 'twas not I.

Great are the Consultations all ober Europe, many preparations for War, yea and many Battles and Conflicts are now disputed: the Swede is extream fortunate, gaining some strong Holds, as Cities, Castles, towns, and the Portugals are victorious ober Jack Spaniard. Ireland look to thy self, for there is some evil hatching against thee. The Tartars, Poles, and Germans, are so bold, as to shew their back sides to the King of Swedeland, whose Story is great, being united with the English. And truly, I believe, he had rather see it, than their Faces. Warlike Resolves are now in Debate at White-hall, the confirmation of which, will make some mens eyes band in their Heads, (though 'tis probable not their Wits) And truly, I believe that many of them will cross the old Proverb, that saith, Men are without their wits: For I really conceive, that many of them will be within their wits; or at least their wits will be without them.

November

November 30. Monthly Predictions.

Cold Wind and Rain this Season affords,
The Lawyer's elevated, Speaker's high words;
Themselves they honour most; 'tis no wonder,
For their Ambition to keep me under.
By slavish Fear, or else by fruitless Hopes,
Whilest, Judas-like, they after money's group.

But I had almost forgot my self, for this is the Lawyers long-begotten.
Let honest men make Hay while the Sun shines; there's too much mow-
very in the world. Jesuitical doings have been, and are still too frequent;
but he that sets them on work, will pay them their wages; there's a time for
all things. From whence I deduce my Predictions, which may prove no delu-
sive Enthusiasms; but a real Conjecture of the Roman-Monarchy, which, as
they successively ensue may be summed in M. D. C. L. X. V. And this ta-
king in every Roman Numeral, the time of Babylon's Fall will be about 40.
years next ensuing. Some person of quality is now advanced to a higher
degree of Honour, and really not undeserved; for his qualifications are not
ordinary: the advancement is of publick concernment, and will be a thing
highly liked on by most persons, the John-a — excepted, who will not be a
little dissatisfied herein; The matter's not great. Beware Mr. Corruption!

Here's gallant, whilome, clear, and pleasant weather.

'Cause *Jove* and *Venus* now are joyn'd together:

Venus is now grown chaste, and that's a wonder.

Their Women and their Vices are all under.

Herbage and *Patience*, they too long have wanted;

But now their Stock's so full they'll not be wanted.

December 31. Monthly Predictions.

The Year's now gone, we look for Winter weather,

We shall not fail; it comes in altogether:

New Governours peeps in, Old Ones cast down,

You'll know in Sixty Two, who'll wear the Crown.

Some eminent Person in this Month is like to return to Old Silence:
things of Importance are now in agitation, and some thing of no
small concernment is now made manifest: the poor Commoner begins
to smile, at the sight of a Habeas Corpus, which translates a Burden from
their shoulders: and great care taken for the propagating of Trade. Never
more need: which will be of high concernment both in City and Countrey,
as well to the Merchant and Shop-keeper, as to the handicraft Trade;
The Spaniard is afflicted both by Sea and Land, and the Publick Peace
is much disturbed. Hark a case Mr. Too-and-again, the People take notice of
you.

As fiery flash with Thunder doth divide,

And radiant Lightning through a storm doth glide:

So God with inward joy to th Saints appear;

His Laws are lovely: thus I end the Year.

F I N I S.

